Numb. 71.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Wednesday** October 13th. to **Friday** October 15th. 1708.

Q. *WHich are moſt to be admir'd, the Works of Nature, or the Works of Grace?*

A. If it be Stupendious out of Nothing to Make a Man, it is more Stupendious out of Worſe than Nothing to Re-make a Man. If it be Difficult out of Non exiſtence to make us *Be*, it is more Difficult out of Sinners to make us Saints. Nature writes upon Unblotted Paper; Grace firſt Eraces the Blot, and then makes a New, a Fair Impreſſion. It is Glorious in the Allmighty Potter out of a *Non-ſubſtratum* to make Comely Veſſels; but it is more Tranſcendently ſo out of *Veſſels of Wrath* to make *Veſſels of Honor*. Creation is a ſingle task; Renovation includes Annihilation and Creation too. The Creator exerted his Omnipotence in one; the Creator became a Creature to effect the other. Happy *Adam*, that he was able to ſay in Paradiſe, by Nature *I am, what I am*; but More happy Sons of *Adam*, that they are able to ſay, even out of Paradiſe, by Grace we are, what we are. If in the works of Nature we ſurvey ſeveral Attributes of God; in the works of Grace we behold the ſame Attributes with additionary ones more eminently diſplay'd. Here we behold his Juſtice in the Puniſhment of Sin, and yet his Mercy too in the Pardon of the Sinner. Here we view his Wiſdom in the contrivance of ſuch a Method, as at once Releaſes the Criminal, and yet Preſerves Authority; at once Remits our Diſobedience to his Laws, and yet Guards thoſe very Laws from a Future breach. Here we admire his Holineſs, in that, tho' he cancels our Unhappy guilt, he yet more ſtrongly obliges us *to be Holy, even as He is Holy*. Here we wonder at his Power, in effecting our Redemption by ſuch an Union, as is Inſcrutable to Man, Unfathomable to Angels, for the very *Angels deſire to pry into it*. Here we ſtand in admiration at his Goodneſs, which, notwithſtanding our Provocations, cou'd yet prompt him to exert ſuch wonders in our behalf. O! The Glorious Attributes of God ſo ſurprizingly diſplay'd in Pardon'd Sinners! His Works of Grace are all Unſearchable, and his Ways paſt finding out.

But to make a right uſe of all this, let us conſider the Intention of it; conſider, that *the Grace of God*, which *hath appear'd unto all* Men, teaches us, *that denying Ungodlineſs and Worldly Luſts we ſhou'd live ſoberly, righteouſly and Godly, in this preſent World.*

Q. *Mr.* Apollo, *Pray inform whether 'tis realy a Crime for a Young Man (that has not wherewithal to keep a Wife) to Converſe Moderately with a Miſs, ſince 'tis only following the dictates of Nature, as to eat when hungry, drink when dry, &c. I do aſſure you, I ask it in a religious way, therefore I hope you'll anſwer it.*

A. We muſt acquaint you, that the Similitudes you uſe, are no ways Parallel. For tho' nature cannot ſubſiſt without meat and drink, yet it may without the other. Our Saviour indeed ſays of Perpetual Virginity, where there are opportunities of Marriage, *all men cannot bear this, but They, to whom it is given.* But Chaſtity is a Gift we may be ſure he will beſtow on Thoſe, to whom he denies the opportunities of Marriage, unleſs we will ſuppoſe him an Egyptian Task maſter, ſuppoſe him to Refuſe us Straw, and yet Require the Full tail of Brick.

Q. *Pray Gentlemen, what will (at the laſt day) be done with thoſe Men, who are not good enough for Heaven, nor bad enough for Hell.*

A. There is no ſuch thing as a Middle-State, whoever therefore are not bad enough for the Shades below, we doubt not, but a Merciful Redeemer will graciouſly admit them into his Heavenly Paradiſe. But let us carefully beware, that we judge not too favourably of our ſelves, leſt by a Falſe, a Miſtaken Eſtimate we *fall ſhort of the Glory, that is to be Reveal'd.*

Q. *How can it ſtand with the Juſt Wiſdom and Goodneſs of God to give Man Free Will, ſeeing God foreknew he wou'd abuſe that Free Will to his own Hurt and Damnation, or why he ſuffer'd him to be Tempted. It may be anſwer'd, that the Advantage we have by Chriſt's dying ſufficiently equalizes, if not exceeds the loſs we ſuſtain by the fall of* Adam, *I anſwer no, for (notwithſtanding Redemption) the greater part of Mankind muſt remain in Endleſs Miſery to all Eternity.*

A. The Reaſon, why ſo many fancy, that Free Will as Circumſtantiated in Man, is irreconcileable to the Goodneſs of God, is namely this; they conſider his Goodneſs excluſive of his other Attributes, which is no leſs than to Ungod him. According to the Objection Juſtice cannot poſſibly belong to God.

And yet to debar God of the Poſſibility of exerciſing Juſtice, Vindictive Juſtice (for Juſtice is not compleat without it) what is this but to Circumſcribe Infinity? Wou'd we therefore but conſider, *What wonders God has done for the Children of Men* to Determine their Free Will aright, conſiſtently with Liberty; wou'd we but reflect, how unreaſonable it is to Diveſt our Maker of what goes to the Completion of Infinite Perfection; wou'd we but obſerve, that his Wiſdom (tho' objected by the Querift to a contrary purpoſe) is Concern'd to Reconcile one Attribute with another, his Juſtice with his Goodneſs; wou'd we but ponder theſe things, we ſhou'd ceaſe our unreaſonable doubts, and ſay, *Righteous art thou O Lord, when we Plead with thee.*

Q. *Sirs*, Apollo *is deſired to reſolve this Queſtion. Why does Gun-powder, that is compoſed of ſuch fiery Particles, and ſo furious in its effects, as to blow up and burn all near it, when diſſolved in Water have a Contrary Quality, and be as cold at Ice. This has been experienced by many of Our Officers for cooling of their Wine when they were in Spain.*

A. Becauſe upon it's Diſſolution there becomes a Separation of it's Contrary Qualities, and it's Inflammable ones, which were before Predominant, flying from ſo oppoſite a Body, as that of Water, leaves the Languid Particles of the Gun-powder without a mixture, and conſequently occaſions an intire Reſt, which is, what we vulgarly call, Intenſe Coldneſs.

Q. *Since the Moon is a dark body, pray inform us, which are thoſe two great Lights, that God made, the one to rule the day, and the other to rule the night,* Gen. 1. 6.

A. Tho' the Moon be an Opake (or Dark) Body Irreſpectively and in its ſelf, yet it is Luminous with reſpect to Us, in that it reflects the light of the Sun in this Lower World. And therefore, by Vertue of ſuch Reflection, it may juſtly be ſtil'd, as it is in Scripture, the Leſſer Light to rule the night.

Q. *Meſſieurs, Finding in your Suplement,* Numb. 5. *A Letter (in Behalf of a pretty witty Young Lady of Eight Hundred Pound Fortune) complaining of the many fruitleſs Journies ſhe hath made up to London, in queſt of a Husband, would beg the favour of your Directions how the Young Lady and I may come to an interview, I lying under the ſame Unlucky Predicament, having done all that in me lies to Ingage ſome* Pretty She *to accept of my Paſſion, but in vain. I am Young, in good Buſineſs, and, by the by, think I deſerve a Wife with ſo much Money: Now if you could bring this matter to bear, I doubt not it would oblige the Lady, as I aſſure you it would in the Higheſt Degree Yours,* &c.

A. You cannot be under the ſame Predicament as the Lady is, ſince you have the Liberty of Addreſs, which the Modeſty of her Sex denies her; therefore ſome greater Merit than your baffled Attempts demonſtrate, muſt be thrown in to ballance the Account.

Q. *Sirs, I deſire to know who brought up Painting firſt, and how it came to be found out.*

A. You will find it was anſwer'd in the *Supernumerary Paper*, Numb. 3.

Q. *Mr.* Apollo, *Are Women as capable of Learning as Men.*

A. Since our Sex allow the Fairer one a no Diſobliging Character, the Character of the *Soft*, the *Tender* Sex, they will not, we preſume, at all reſent it, if we be unwilling to contradict a Character they are Not diſpleas'd with, and venture to affirm, that they are caſt in *too ſoft* a Mould, are made of *too Fine, too Delicate* a Compoſure to endure the ſeverity of Study, the Drudgery of Contemplation, the Fatigue of Profound Speculations, of Deep Relearches. Had *Eve* ſprang out of *Adam's Head*, as, according to the Poets, *Pallas* did out of *Jove's*, we might then indeed be of other Sentiments. But ſince ſhe was taken from his *Side*, to Denote her his Companion in Inferior Matters, but not a Sharer in Dominion; ſince *Adam* was created for a Ruler, *thy deſire ſhall be to thy Husband, and He ſhall Rule over thee*, we cannot think, that the God of Nature wou'd beſtow the ſame Qualifications for Government upon a Sex he intended for *Subjection*, as he wou'd on Thoſe he deſign'd for Empire. Not but that there may be ſome Women Eminent for Learning, too many to be call'd Phænixes, as tho' each Succeſſor aroſe from her Predeceſſor's Aſhes: Nay, there may be ſome few, who may ſeem to Rival Men, to bid fair, tho' not for the Palm of Victory, yet for the Glory of Equality. In evidence of which we appeal to a Noted Foreigner, ſcarcely inferior to a very learned Husband. We appeal to a Country-woman of our own, whoſe ſublime, whoſe *Manly* energy might beſpeak her *Man*. We appeal to a Deceaſed Lady, whoſe Uncommon Merit has enter'd her in the Liſt of thoſe Contenders, who lay claim to that admirable Book, *the Whole Duty of Man*. And tho' She may not be the Perſon (for the Ladies can never blame us, if Unwilling to give away ſo glorious a Title from our own Sex, tho' this be the effect, rather of our Wiſhes, than of our Knowledge) tho' She may not be the Perſon, yet if one of the Maſculine Gender can put in a better Plea, he may yet ſay of Her in Imitation of what *Ajax* ſaid of his Antagoniſt *Ulyſſes* (but without His contempt)

——— ——— *a Noble She,*
That Durſt for ſuch a Prize contend with Me.

But yet the Women may perhaps Outſtrip the *Men* in Quickneſs of Apprehenſion, in leſs Profound Concerns, in nimble turns of thought in common converſation. And therefore our Creator has graciouſly befriended us, in that he has afforded us ſuch Excellent Companions to Divert our Vacant Hours, to Relieve our Wearied Minds, to ſupply our Waſted Vigor, to Recruit our Exhauſted Thoughts, and Prepare us for our future labours, our ſucceeding ſtudies.

Thus They, in Learning tho' they Yield the Bell,
Yet are the Cauſe, that Men ſo Far Excel.

POEMS.

Q. *I Am grown pretty fat, and in a fair way,*
To add to my Plenty more ev'ry day:
So therefore to you for advice I do ſeek,
As thinking than Doctors you're ſomething more cheap.
I Moderate Exerciſe conſtantly uſe,
As Fencing and Dancing; I Invoke to my Muſe.
I read various Authors, tho' difficult too,
I Pen ſet to Paper, yet this will not do:
Some adviſe me to marry, as a very good way,
Some tell me I muſt at Tennis go play:
And a thouſand odd things ſtill added to theſe,
Yet Nothing without your wiſe Counſel will pleaſe:
For I mightily truſt to Apollo's *Sound Mind,*
As expecting from thence my Remedium *to find.*

A. Since the Courſes preſcrib'd have not alter'd (your State,
And no Moderate Methods will Leſſen your Fat:
Go, try a Camp Life: Let the Ground be your Bed,
Nor let ſleep for a Fortnight once ſettle your Head:

For

For a Month or a Quarter be ty'd to a Dearth,
And deny all Relief from the Fruits of the Earth:
Or Repair out of Hand to the Galleys in France,
Which Emaciates much more than a Push or a Dance:
But if all these shall fail, and your Labor's but waste,
You must hang your self up for a *Bacchus* at last.

Gentlemen,

Q. *I've heartily laugh'd at the Questions are sent Ye,*
Tho' those are in Metre, there's scarce one in twenty
Is fit to be laid at Apollo's *bright Shrine,*
Yet the Mortals, no doubt, think their Brats are Divine,
But I'll swear they're Infectious, for I've got an Itching,
To be scratch'd by a Muse; But the Jades are a Bitching,
Not one of the Nine *will come at my Call,*
Yet Apollo's *Brisk Sons have layn with 'em All.*
You're Fav'rites, and know all their Frolicks and Meet-
(ings,
And therefore to You, Sirs, I humbly send Greetings;
May't please Ye to give me your kind Information,
Where I may find ONE *to supply this occasion;*
And Back'd, if ye please, with a Recommendation,
And when I can get Her to come at a Whistle,
Depend on my thanks in another Epistle.

From your Admirer Strephon.

A. Were the Muses such Drabs, as your Verses
(define,
Without doubt by this time, you'd Layn with all
Nine;
But those we converse with, more Modesty own,
Deaf to Invocations from *Rakes* of the Town;
Shou'd we recommend You, it were but in vain,
Till the Vertues and Morals more Influence gain;
When purg'd from the Dross, with an Innocent
(Mind
You approach, we'll engage, that their Favours
(you'll find.
Till then pray beware you provoke not their Ire
For *they punish with scorn,* whom they will not *In-*
(spire.

Q. *Soon as I had sight on*
My beautiful Titan,
Such pleasure my Soul did possess,
No more I look'd Coy,
But ravish'd with Joy,
Did the Charming Returner Caress.
Now my anger I own
Too warmly was shown,
But since from true Love it took being,
Let Apollo *excuse*
The zeal of my Muse,
And there'll be no more disagreeing.
Tho' I to your Court
Made early resort,
And began with the first to subscribe,
Till the wiser were heard,
I never appear'd
In the Rank of the Questioning Tribe.
At last I addrest
With a civil request,
To which having had no Reply,
I scribbled again,
But where it has layn,
Mr. Mayo *knows better than I.*
However he fail'd,
So far you've prevail'd,
That my Muse by You is Pregnant grown,
Then quickly disclose,
How you mean to dispose
Of the Brat; for 'tis surely your own.

Melosa.

A. If the Brat be our Own,
It will quickly be known,
By it's Glittering Amorous Eye,
Nor can such a *Spark*
Remain in the Dark,
Except in the Center it Lye.
Nor *Mayo,* ne'er fear,
Wou'd keep it long there,
He has not so warm a Desire;
Least, the Urchin shou'd chance,
His Heat to advance,
And set all his Paper on Fire.
As yet we ne'er saw
The Wandering Boy,
Nor know on what Coast he is lost;
But if You shall find him,
Pray, whip him and bind him,
And send him to us by the Post.

Q. *You Criticks of this Dull and Heavy Age,*
Who drive old Saturn from the British Stage,
I would of you enquire what Trade is best,
And so I'll answer him that made this Quest.

A. Not that which most of Pains and Care will
(cost,
Or Wealth, but that which *suits the Genius most.*

Q. *Since Physician thou Art,*
Dear Apollo, *impart*
Thy Advice to a Beautiful Couple,
And to thee I'll raise
Deserv'd Trophies of Praise,
As high as the Beast on Bow-Steeple.
Already I am
With a Surgeon of Fame,
As great as most Men of the Nation;
But Apollo *I ask,*
'Cause a Difficult Task,
And so call you in Consultation.
I've a Sore on my Arm,
Which occasions much Harm
To my Health, and they say, that the Rise is
Without any Doubt,
Or further Dispute,
From a Feaver's unfortunate Crisis.

New

Now I ask your Advice,
And pray be conciſe,
Since 'tis fetulous, painful, and hollow:
Whether ever you think
They will fill up the Chink.
Et eris mihi Charus Apollo.

A. Since ſo wiſely you treat
With an Artiſt Compleat,
And adviſe with a Surgeon ſo Skillful;
Since you follow no Quacks,
Nor the Mountebank-Jacks,
Nor are led by the Rules of the Willful:
We have Reaſon to think,
That your Fiſtulous Chink
May by Curative Means be Connected,
Tho' in Fiſtula's bad,
The Prognoſticks are ſad,
And a Cure is but ſeldom Expected.

Q. Apollo's *Sons, ye men of Fame,*
Pray, ſhew a Reaſon why,
When Bodies Float upon the Main,
Eaſtward the Head doth lie.

A. Bold Son of Neptune, e'er you Ask,
Or thus a Cauſe Demand,
Hence learn to Rectify our Task,
And *Truth* let's underſtand.

SIR,

THE Letters from the Camp before Lille Octob. 17. Adviſe that all things are ready on the Right Attack for the Deſcent into the Ditch, and the like Preparations are making on the Left. That they have begun to make a New Breach with three ſeveral Batteries, whereby 'tis not doubted, that it will be made practicable in 48 hours: That the Ditch is drain'd, and quite dry on the Right Attack, but on the Left there is ſtill two foot water; and that the Enemy ſeem reſolv'd to ſtand a Storm. That this day they received 50 Waggons Loaded with Powder, and the reſt that are expected are near at hand. P. S. And that 50 more Waggons are juſt now arrived there with Powder: And, that the Officers of the greateſt Experience make no doubt of ſinging *Te Deum* in Lille the 20th inſtant. The Adviſes from the Hague Octob. 19th are, that 'tis confirm'd, that the Garriſon of Lille is reduc'd to great extremities, and that they were forced to eat horſe fleſh; That the Communication between Oſtend and the Duke of Marlborough's Army is not ſo free as cou'd be wiſh'd: That the Marquis Viale, Envoy of the Republick of Genoa, has not had Audience of the States, not having as yet receiv'd his Credentials. But in the Interim he uſes his utmoſt endeavours to perſwade the World, that his Republick has rejected all the Propoſals of the Pope and the French, in relation to the League propos'd to them. That the Venetians have alſo declar'd, they will remain Neuter, and that the Great Duke of Tuſcany has written to the Elector of Palatine, to deſire him, as 'tis reported, to diſſipate the Umbrage the Allies may have taken of his deſigns, thro' the falſe reports ſpread abroad on this Subject: That 'tis expected with abundance of Impatience, the confirmation of the taking of Port Mahon. The Letters from Italy import, that General Taun arriv'd at Mantua the 4th Inſtant with ſome Imperial Horſe and Foot, and had been joyn'd by 4000 Recruits lately arriv'd from Tirol; and that Count Coningſeck had defeated a Party of 500 Men of the Pope's Troops. The Letters from the Duke of Marlborough's Camp at Rouſſelaer Octob. 19th. Adviſe, that on the 15th they receiv'd an Account, that Major General Cadogan with his Troops poſted at Kocklaar had cauſed to be brought over the Innundation ſome hundreds of Barrels of Powder, and has ſent over ſeveral Waggons, to bring forwards a greater Quantity of Powder, beſides a Number of Bombs and Bullets: That Lieutenant General Fagel march'd to Kortemarq with 20 Squadrons and 12 Batalions to be near to give aſſiſtance, if the Duke of Vendome ſhou'd either attack Major General Cadogan, or Our Poſt of Leffingen. That Yeſterday Died there the States Field Mareſchal M. d' Auverquerque, after a long indiſpoſition. That Major General Cadogan came this Morning from Kocklaar, and acquainted the Duke, that he had got over the Innundation above 1600 Barrels of Powder, beſides great quantities of Brandy, Salt, and other Proviſions, and that the Spring Tides had ſwell'd the waters ſo high, that he was fearful, we ſhall be depriv'd of that Communication. Which concludes all from Yours, *&c.*

The Number of our Subſcribers ſo greatly increaſing, and by Conſequence the Number of Queſtions ſent us, that we cannot poſſibly give a General Satisfaction within the Compaſs of our Paper, we deſign a Quarterly Book of 3 Sheets in a Small Character, in which we will give Anſwers to all worthy thereof, which we could not get into our other Papers; we have no doubt but this will be acceptable, ſince it will not raiſe the Yearly Charge to that of the moſt vulgar News Papers, altho' a whole Sheet and upon fine Paper, beſides we do oblige none to take it, but ſuch as deſire it. The firſt is preparing for thoſe Queſtions upon our Hands.

Any Perſons upon Directing their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to Mr. *Keeble* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain* Bookſellers, or to the Printer hereof, may have this Paper brought to their Houſes (in the City or Suburbs) at 2 *s. per* Quarter, and the Monthly Papers at 6 *d. per* Quarter more: Thoſe who come within the Quarter, to have proportional Deductions at the End. Alſo Books of Guards Sets may be had on directing as above, from the Beginning.

Note, That they who live in the Country may appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them, or order ſome Inn-Keeper to pay for them Quarterly. For we cannot depend on the Payment of Carriers, ſince they come not in on thoſe hours as our Servants can meet with them in their Walks.

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Juſt Publiſh'd.

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